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fused rumble among the hills. We fired a rifle, and the report was flung back by the mountains with an angry force, and ran along the line of peaks and bluffs in muttering thunder-tones. When we had exhausted our vocabulary and vocal powers, we ceased our clamorous challenges to Echo, and quietly paddled about, enjoying the mild, evening air. The frogs were bellying in the rushes, and an owl was hooting in the forest near by—other sound there was none, except a splash now and then of the lake trout leaping from the water in pursuit of their prey. The moon sank slowly, dipping her slender curve behind the dark horizon, and half an hour after, perhaps,—it may have been more—Jupiter passed tremblingly from our sight to view in the lower hemisphere, but overhead still burned and twinkled the myriad lights which we can scarcely single out, much less name. Underneath, too, in the silent lake, they gleamed, and opened new labyrinths of dim glory for reverie to lose itself in. Late in the evening, a gentle breeze came up, and the water broke into little ripples, when we rowed ashore, and found all hands asleep. The sleep I had enjoyed the night before had put me in a wakeful condition, and, although we lay down with the rest, and the glowing fire, warming the camp thoroughly, gave every provocation to sleep, it was long before I felt drowsy. The little waves lapped against the stones along the shore, and rustled among the rushes, and from all over the lake there came a low murmur, a kind of singing from the infinitude of wavelets, plashing and breaking against stone or sand beach, and jostling the thick-set rushes against each other. I did not much care that I was sleepless, but with my feet to the fire and the hemlock boughs thick and soft under me, lay and listened. When, finally, I did sleep, it was with fitful dreams of waterfalls and big trout catching me, and I then, and dying deer, and the baying of hounds, in the midst of which I awakened quite often enough to keep the fire going, much, I suspect, to the vexation of the guides, who didn't want a fire to sleep by, and couldn't understand well why we should.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT ENGLISH ARTISTS.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

NO I. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

MORE than thirty years ago, when the world of politics was agitated from end to end by the trial of George the Fourth's persecuted wife—the world of Art—or at least that portion of it which, "kept" in London, was excited to an unusual degree of interest, by the advent of a new candidate for pictorial honors. At that time, the late William Howe was busily engaged in waging the political warfare against the Government, which (for him) so triumphantly closed by his celebrated defence in an action instituted against him for blasphemy, which defence, it is admitted by all, caused the death of Lord Ellenborough, the learned Judge who tried him. Among Howe's publications was one severely burlesquing the "first gentleman in Europe," on account of his ill-treatment of Queen Caroline, as well as of those numerous amours

which entitled him, literally, to the name of "The Father of his People." Piquant as Howe's attacks seemed, they were suddenly rendered yet more so by some extremely clever illustrations; and as really good designs of a humorous kind were then almost unknown, these at once attracted and commanded attention and admiration, and the great question in literary and artistic circles, for the time, was—Who could the artist be that had combined so much truthfulness to nature, with such humorous and satiric "point," as these political and social caricatures exhibited?

Until that time, caricature, strictly so considered, was but little known, and less appreciated, in England. With the glorious exception of Hogarth, no genuine depicter of "folly as it flies," with brush or graver, had made a mark on his age. To be sure, the numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with other periodicals of its class, long since defunct, used to be embellished with execrable burlesques of Lord North, William Pitt, the Marquis of Bute, and occasionally with indecent libels on the ladies of the court, but these were almost totally wanting in the essential ingredient—humor, for which mere coarseness was substituted. Gilray, too, had amused the town with his staring productions, but these were rather caricatures on Art itself, than Art employing its powers in illustrating human follies. Then, there were Rowlandson's vulgar and gaudily colored prints, fit only to be hung on the walls of a pot-house, and now to be found but in the portfolios of old foggy collectors. The stage of this department of Art then was, evidently, a clear one, and the newcomer who leaped unannounced on it, with keen eye and ready hand, evidently had no occasion to ask for "favor." Before a month from the time of his first appearance, he was, by many of the then arbiters of taste and masters of opinion, hailed as a new star in the hemisphere of Art; and there were not wanting those who pronounced him to be a second Hogarth.

From the prolific pen of the new designer, illustration after illustration issued, until the initials in the corner of each drawing became familiar to everybody. Before long, the two letters had multiplied into GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. From that day to this, or at least until very recently, that name has stood at the head of artists in this particular walk. I say until recently, for, remembering Richard Doyle and John Leech, it can scarcely be said that the immortal George now stands above and unapproachable. In these, his later days, he must be content to share a divided throne, though none will pay less reverence to the for many years autocrat of the realms of Pictorial Fun.

Living among books and pictures, as I did, almost from childhood, I was of course familiar enough with Cruikshank's illustrations, for, during many years, scarcely a book, admitting of humorous, (and frequently of serious) illustration, issued from the London press, which did not contain one or more designs from his fertile brain and facile fingers. Appreciating them as I did, it was natural enough that I should feel some curiosity respecting their author, and, therefore, it was with something like enthusiasm that, one day, as I was strolling through Amwell street,—Pentonville,

(then quite a Paradise for the artists of Cockneydom, as Brompton now is), I saw, on a brass door-plate, the name—Cruikshank. It was by no means a common one, and so I set it down as a certainty that the celebrated George had there a "local habitation." Nor was I wrong for once, as I ascertained by inquiry at a shop near. Scores of times after the discovery, I passed and repassed that door on my way to Bartholomew's Hospital (for I was a medical student in those days) in the wild hope of seeing the artist as he might be making his exit from, or his entrance into the dwelling; but I never succeeded, and gradually other objects attracting my attention, the brass-plate was all but forgotten.

Time—as time will do—hurried on, and, amid the sober realities of an apothecary's practice in a country town, I almost lost sight of Art and artists. The pestle and mortar is a deadly foe to palettes and pencils; at least so I found them to be, and it was with no slight pleasure that one fine morning, I threw "physic to the dogs," or rather to my successor, and once more perambulated, now Fleet street, which Johnson loved, and anon, Pall Mall, of whose "sweet shady-side," Morris (not our George P., but the "Captain," of Sheridan's time) sang. Once more among book and picture-shops, my old favorite George Cruikshank "turned up" again, and now, to my surprise and delight, I found that the caricaturist had become a great artist, who could touch the heart by his pathos, and impress it by his power, as well as tickle the midriff with his humor! At that time Cruikshank was illustrating Oliver Twist, and few will forget the terrible energy of one of his etchings—I mean that one where Fagin is represented in the condemned cell.

Of the personal appearance of the author of these designs, I had by this time some vague idea, since the great artist had, in more than one instance, introduced his own face and figure into some of his compositions. Indeed, he seems to have had quite a *penchant* for "biting" himself "in" the copper. Witness him in the frontispiece to his "Omnibus," where he sits smoking a pipe of thought; and in a very recently published engraving from his design on wood, in the *Illustrated London News*, where he exhibits himself in the act of handing a candidate for teetotalism across a plank to the stage of Sadlers Wells Theatre, where he presided at a temperance meeting: as yet, then, I had only seen him by proxy, as it were, but an opportunity soon offered itself of obtaining a more satisfactory observation.

Let me here forewarn the reader of these Reminiscences, that he must put up with a somewhat discursive pen. As I write *currente calamo*, scenes and incidents connected with Art will recur to memory, and clamor to be set down at once, or be, most probably, forgotten for ever. In Art-gossip, such as this, one may be permitted to fly off in a tangent now and then, perhaps; but one thing I will avoid—quitting my topic altogether, a habit which is, I regret to say, by no means uncommon in these days. Besides, most pictures have "accessories," and these diversions of mine may be presumed to come under such category.

Not a thousand miles from Charlotte street, Portland Square, resides a lady and

gentleman, well-known in the literary and artistic circles of London. In the course of these papers I shall have, perhaps, occasion to speak of them in particular—let me generalize now, and only speak of the gentleman as flower painter to Queen Victoria, and his wife as an accomplished miniature painter and versatile authoress. These are Valentine Bartholomew and his better half—as genial and delightful a pair of Art-birds as ever perched or pencilled in pairs. Every year, “in the season,” it is their custom to give a brace of soirees, when their somewhat limited rooms are always crowded with a limitless crowd of artists and authors, who discuss by turns ideas, ices, sentiment, Souchong, and scandal. To one of these reunions I had the honor of being invited.

Like most other affairs of its kind, this one was a perfect “jam;” so, securing the good offices of a friend who knew everybody, I posted myself in a corner, in order to be “posted up” with respect to the “lions” present. Of these, at least of such of them as were connected with Art, I shall hereafter speak; for the present, I mean to confine my attention to but one of the number.

I had observed, here and there, among the company—but, wherever he was, always surrounded by a little ring of ladies and gentleman—a somewhat singular looking individual, who had not, however, enjoyed more than my casual attention, partly because, from near-sightedness, I could not distinguish his features from a distance, and partly from the fact that he was only one of many whose society was equally sought.

On a nearer view of the individual referred to, his face and figure at once arrested my attention, and excited my curiosity. He was a man of, if anything, above the medium stature; but, as he stood, he seemed rather beneath it, owing to that trifling stoop of the shoulders so common to those who habitually use pen or pencil. No one gifted with common powers of perception would have failed to detect in this stranger something, to use a rather vague phraseology, beyond the common. The head was finely—that is, intellectually, shaped; the forehead being high and white, though not particularly broad, such height being apparently increased by a bold downward sweep of the light hair from the summit of one temple to the base of the other. The nose was large and aquiline—the mouth about as expressive and “speaking” a one as I ever met with: and here let me add my conviction—a conviction founded on not a little observation, and in which I know I am supported by many well qualified to judge, that, say what people will of the eyes—the mouth is the feature which gives the chief and distinguishing expression to the face. You may “fix” a man’s eye, but you cannot control his mouth; nor, indeed, can he himself exert a mastery over its muscles when under the influence of any strong emotion. Portrait painters are well aware of this; and I once heard a very distinguished artist in this branch of the profession, remark, that the painter who could catch the true *expression* of the mouth and hand, had little more to learn in order to excel. But, this by the way.

Ah! said I to myself, as I looked at this

mouth—“I’ve seen *that* before *somewhere*.” Closely approaching each of its flexible angles, was the prolongation of a light-colored whisker that terminated in a sort of apology for a moustache. This was a peculiarly shaped affair; and what with beard, whisker, and moustache, the entire hirsute combination somewhat resembled an untidy bird’s nest. But I did not linger long in observation of the mouth, for the eyes, as they turned in the direction where I was standing, fairly fascinated me, so piercing was their gaze. They were of a bluish grey color, with a small pupil, and evidently, as eyes of that color frequently are, of almost microscopic power. From beneath their well-arched brows, I verily believe, they saw at a glance the most minute object in that crowded assembly.

To George Cruikshank, for he it was, I was presently introduced, and in low and gentle tones he resumed the conversation in which he had been engaged previously. I think I never saw a more expressive face, nor one more indicative of genius. What struck me particularly, was the utter simplicity of his manners; and this was the more conspicuous, as another artist who was present, “rode the high horse” at a fearful rate.

It was evident at a glance, that Cruikshank did not pay quite so much attention to dress as the late Count D’Orsay. Among the punctiliously attired people present he sauntered from one group to another, his badly-cut blue coat, with bright brass buttons, his gay buff vest, and his “baggy” pantaloons, rendering him a conspicuous object. But there was no affectation either in dress or manner; and better still—there was not a particle of that assumption of superiority we too often observe in those who have the least right to exhibit it.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Cruikshank invited me to call at his house. “Any time,” said he, “between three and five in the afternoon, you will find me at home.” So one afternoon I stood before the well-known brass plate, and was admitted by the “neat-handed Phyllis” of the domicile. “You will find Mr. Cruikshank,” she said, “in his study on the first floor—front room,” and I ascended a flight of stairs.

Arrived at the room door, I knocked, and “Come in,” having replied to my knuckles, I entered. Mr. Cruikshank rose as I made my appearance, and cordially greeted me. He had been seated in a large easy-chair, with a long clay pipe in his hand, the last smoke-wreath from whose bowl was now growing indistinct, as it blended with the haze of vapor that occupied the upper portion of the apartment. Resuming his place, he went on smoking, and conversing affably with me on the news of the day and other odd matters.

Over the mantel-piece was an unfinished oil-painting of (I think) Brian de Bois Guilbert, the Templar. I was not aware that Mr. Cruikshank painted in oils—he told me, however, that he commenced his artist career on canvas, but finding a much more profitable field of labor in designing for the publishers, he had relinquished it. It appears, however, that he has resumed palette and colors, for, at the last exhibition but one of the Royal Academy, he had a large painting, which attracted much attention. A friend of mine who recently visit-

ed his studio, in Mornington Crescent, to which he removed a year or two since, informs me that he has just completed an admirable picture in oils of Grimaldi, the clown, being shaved, and almost convulsing the barber by the contortions of his countenance, a subject well adapted to Cruikshank’s peculiar powers.

As may be expected, Mr. Cruikshank is a delightful companion. His long and intimate connection with authors, publishers, and artists, has enabled him to lay up an immense stock of anecdote, which he is always willing to circulate. And few tell a story better than George. In order to procure material for his pencil, there is scarcely any society, high or low, in London, that he has not frequented and become familiar with. His illustrations executed during the last thirty-five years, would alone form a perfect pictorial history in themselves of the habits, costumes, sports, and occupations of Londoners within that period. The exact number of Cruikshank’s works can never now be ascertained, but it is certain that they must amount to many thousands. He showed me a number of portfolios, crammed with “proofs” of his etchings and wood-drawings, and these he said formed but a small portion of his entire works, of which he did not think any person living possessed a complete set. Still he works on as industriously as ever, and with but little abatement in spirit, although in nearly all his works a certain mannerism is easily to be detected.

Of late years, Mr. Cruikshank has become a zealous teetotaler; one of the earliest fruits of his total abstinence, was the publication of “The Bottle,” a series of pictures illustrative of the evil effects of drunkenness, which had an enormous sale both in England and in this country. Many persons labor under the delusive idea that our artist was at one time an ardent votary of the “rosy,” but such was never the case. He has a brother, also an artist, who, with much of George’s talent, has little of his prudence, and owing to this circumstance, the error in question may have arisen.

To realize the fun that is in George Cruikshank, the very best place to see him is at a children’s party. With grown-up folks he is, for the most part, grave and business-like—but when loose among youngsters, he becomes a child himself. I was once fortunate enough to see him at a Christmas gathering of the kind, and shall not easily forget the occasion. His chanting of the mock-heroic ballad of “Lord Bateman,” was irresistibly funny, nor less mirth-provoking were his antics, when attired in a sheet, and armed with the kitchen spit, he enacted various characters to the intense delight of his little (and big) auditory. For a game of romps, or forfeits, I would back George Cruikshank against anybody breathing. Happy, thrice happy, are those who can secure his company when the juveniles assemble, to have what we term “a real good time.”

George Cruikshank is no longer young. As he descends life’s hill, it must be to him a source of solid comfort, that his genius has invariably been enlisted on the side of virtue. He has, in fact, been a great moral teacher, his pictures appealing through the eye to the better feelings of the heart. As Hood with his pen, so Cruikshank with his

etching-needle, has endeavored to expose humbug; to call attention to the wrongs of the humbler classes, and to aid human progress. Neither the one nor the other have abused the perilous gift of genius; but, on the contrary, each in his vocation, has labored to make his noble Art the medium of good to the world.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

No. 3.—THE VILLA (Continued.)

IV. THE BRITISH VILLA. THE CULTIVATED OR BLUE COUNTRY. PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION (continued).

BUT the case is different with the picturesque blue country.* Here, we have some of the most elevated bits of landscape character, which the country, whatever it may be, can afford. Its first and most distinctive peculiarity is its grace; it is all undulation and variety of line, one curve passing into another with the most exquisite softness, rolling away into faint and far outlines of various depth and decision, yet none hard or harsh; and, in all probability, rounded off in the near ground into massy forms of partially wooded hill, shaded downwards into winding dingles or cliffy ravines, each form melting imperceptibly into the next, without an edge or angle.

Its next character is mystery. It is a country peculiarly distinguished by its possessing features of great sublimity in the distance, without giving any hint in the foreground of their actual Nature. A range of mountain, seen from a mountain peak, may have sublimity, but not the mystery with which it is invested when seen rising over the furthest surge of misty blue, where everything near is soft and smiling, totally separated in Nature from the consolidated clouds of the horizon. The picturesque blue country is sure, from the nature of the ground, to present some distance of this kind, so as never to be without a high and ethereal mystery.

The third and last distinctive attribute is sensuality. This is a startling word, and requires some explanation. In the first place, every line is voluptuous, floating, and wavy in its form; deep, rich, and exquisitely soft in its color; drowsy in its effect, like slow, wild music; letting the eye repose on it, as on a wreath of cloud, without one feature of harshness to hurt, or of contrast to awaken. In the second place, the cultivation, which, in the simple blue country, has the forced formality of growth which evidently is to supply the necessities of man, here seems to leap into the spontaneous luxuriance of life, which is fitted to minister to his pleasures. The surface exults with animation, especially tending to the gratification of the senses; and, without the artificialness which reminds man of the necessity of his own labor, without the opposing influences which call for his resistance, without the vast energies that remind him of his im-

potence, without the sublimity that can call his noblest thoughts into action, yet, with every perfection that can tempt him to indolence of enjoyment, and with such abundant bestowal of natural gifts, as might seem to prevent that indolence from being its own punishment, the earth appears to have become a garden of delight, wherein the sweep of the bright hills, without chasm or crag, the flow of the bending rivers, without rock or rapid, and the fruitfulness of the fair earth, without care or labor on the part of its inhabitants, appeal to the most pleasant passions of eye and sense, calling for no effort of body, and impressing no fear on the mind. In hill country we have a struggle to maintain with the elements; in simple blue, we have not the luxuriance of delight; here, and here only, all nature combines to breathe over us a lulling slumber, through which life degenerates into sensation.

These considerations are sufficient to explain what we mean by the epithet "sensuality." Now, taking these three distinctive attributes, the mysterious, the graceful, and the voluptuous, what is the whole character? Very nearly—the Greek: for these attributes, common to all picturesque blue country, are modified in the degree of their presence by every climate. In England, they are all low in their tone; but, as we go southward, the voluptuousness becomes deeper in feeling, as the colors of the earth and the heaven become purer and more passionate, and "the purple of ocean deepest of dye;" the mystery becomes mightier, for the greater and more universal energy of the beautiful permits its features to come nearer, and to rise into the sublime, without causing fear. It is thus that we get the essence of the Greek feeling, as it was embodied in their finest imaginations, as it showed itself in the works of their sculptors and their poets, in which sensation was made almost equal with thought, and deified by its nobility of association; at once voluptuous, refined, dreamily mysterious, infinitely beautiful. Hence, it appears that the spirit of this blue country is essentially Greek; though in England and in other northern localities, that spirit is possessed by it in a diminished and degraded degree. It is, also, the natural dominion of the villa, possessing all the attributes which attracted the Romans, when, in their hours of idleness, they lifted the light arches along the echoing promontories of Tiber. It is especially suited to the expression of the edifice of pleasure; and, therefore, is most capable of being adorned by it. The attention of every one about to raise himself a villa of any kind should, therefore, be directed to this kind of country; first, as that in which he will not be felt to be an intruder; secondly, as that which will, in all probability, afford him the greatest degree of continuous pleasure, when his eye has become accustomed to the features of the locality. To the human mind, as on the average constituted, the features of hill scenery will, by repetition, become tiresome, and of wood scenery, monotonous; while the simple blue can possess little interest of any kind. Powerful intellect will, generally, take perpetual delight in hill residence; but the general mind soon feels itself oppressed with a peculiar melancholy and weariness, which it

is ashamed to own; and we hear our romantic gentlemen begin to call out about the want of society, while, if the animals were fit to live where they have forced themselves, they would never want more society than that of a grey stone, or of a clear pool of gushing water. On the other hand, there are few minds so degraded as not to feel greater pleasure in the picturesque blue than in any other country. Its distance has generally grandeur enough to meet their moods of aspiration; its near aspect is of a more human interest than that of hill country, and harmonizes more truly with the domestic feelings which are common to all mankind; so that, on the whole, it will be found to maintain its freshness of beauty to the habituated eye, in a greater degree than any other scenery.

As it thus persuades us to inhabit it, it becomes a point of honor not to make the attractiveness of its beauty its destruction; especially as, being the natural dominion of the villa, it affords great opportunity for the architect to exhibit variety of design.

Its spirit has been proved to be Greek; and, therefore, though that spirit is slightly manifested in Britain, and though every good architect is shy of importation, villas on Greek and Roman models are admissible here. Still, as in all blue country, there is much activity of life, the principle of utility should be kept in view, and the building should have as much simplicity as can be united with perfect gracefulness of line. It appears from the principles of composition alluded to in speaking of the Italian villa, that in undulating country, the forms should be square and massy; and, where the segments of curves are small, the buildings should be low and flat, while they may be prevented from appearing cumbrous by some well-managed irregularity of design, which will be agreeable to the inhabitant as well as to the spectator; enabling him to change the aspect and size of his chamber, as temperature or employment may render such change desirable, without being foiled in his design, by finding the apartments of one wing matched, foot to foot, by those of the other. For the color, it has been shown that white or pale tints are agreeable in all blue country; but there must be warmth in it, and a great deal too, grey being comfortless and useless with a cold distance; but it must not be raw nor glaring.* The roof and chimneys should be kept out of sight as much as possible;

* The epithet "raw" by-the-by, is vague, and needs definition. Every tint is raw, which is perfectly opaque, and has not all the three primitive colors in its composition. Thus, black is always raw because it has no color; white never, because it has all colors. No tint can be raw which is not opaque; and opacity may be taken away, either by actual depth and transparency, as in the sky; by lustre and texture, as in the case of silk and velvet; or by variety of shade, as in forest verdure. Two instances will be sufficient to prove the truth of this. Brick, when first fixed, is always raw; but, when it has been a little weathered, it acquires a slight blue tint, assisted by the grey of the mortar; incipient vegetation affords it the yellow. It thus obtains an admixture of the three colors, and is raw no longer. An old woman's red cloak, though glaring, is never raw; for it must of necessity have folded shades: those shades are of a rich grey: no grey can exist without yellow and blue. We have these three colors, and no rawness. It must be observed, however, that, when any of the colors is given in so slight a degree, that it can be overpowered by certain effects of light, the united color, when opaque, will be raw. Thus, many flesh-colors are raw; because, though they must have a little blue in their composition, it is too little to be efficiently visible in a strong light.

* In leaving simple blue country, we hope it need hardly be said that we leave bricks at once and for ever. Nothing can excuse them out of their proper territory.